

# The World

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## LONG'S DAILY CARTOON



MARK—We have fought a good fight, George, now let's retire from the Presidential fight for breakfast.

## POLITICS AND THE MAN.

Politics: The science or practice of government; the regulation or government of a nation or state for the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity.

Politician: One who is versed in the science of government and the art of governing. In a bad sense, one who concerns himself with public affairs not from patriotism or public spirit, but for his own profit or that of his friends or of a clique or party.

THE definitions given above are reprinted from the Century Dictionary. They appear at the head of this column because of a young man who says he does not care for politics and sees no reason why he should; that he would rather fish than vote; that the whole business is run by a few men whom it is no credit to be associated. And much more which is true to a degree and foolish to an extreme.

We do not like to tell this young man how useless he is to the higher purposes of the Republic. If he were in a class by his lonesome self we shouldn't tell him that, nor bother with him at all. But it is unfortunately true that he is one of a great many young men, and that there are older men who are just as bad. This is one reason why "the whole business" of politics continues ordinarily to be run by a few and to be run discreditably as a rule.

When there is work for all the shareholders in a great concern, those who shirk their duties have no surprise coming if shrewder hands cause a diversion of profits.

Political bosses as they exist are generally corrupt and always selfish. But what of the selfishness of derelict citizens who leave the manipulators to work their unrestrained will because it is too much trouble to interfere?

There has been politics ever since the first competition between head tribesmen. Politics has made the history of the world. It has made and unmade nations. And always it has been the kind of politics insisted on by the people which produced the big results. A devotion to fishing in place of business, either by rulers or the ruled, has inevitably invited disaster.

When Rome took to fun instead of empire-building she took also to a fall. If our Revolutionist ancestors had dodged trouble and let the royalist bosses have their way we should be spared the vexations of President-making to-day.

Take notice that when you encourage by letting them alone, the men who are politicians "in a bad sense" you are shamefully neglecting politics in a good sense, which is "the regulation of a state for the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity." If the retention of those three prerequisites to free and blessed citizenship does not make it worth your while to take a deep and abiding interest in good politics, what, in Heaven's name, would be a sufficient inducement?

A man who refuses to be interested in healthful politics is neither a healthful nor helpful American. Expressing abhorrence of Croakerism, Platinism, Hannanism, Quayism and all like isms, he stands sulkily aside and by that act plays as directly into the hands of the grim machine-managers as they could ever desire. They don't want him in politics. He is against them. It pleases him to be disgusted and keep his hands off. Very well. The gods are good and the boss reigns. Mighty be the name of the boss.

If you insist on staying out of politics and on fishing instead of voting, don't be out with a kick the next time the city street-sweepers have a relapse into dreamy inactivity. They will be attending to their business just as faithfully as you to your citizenship.

In order to enjoy swallowing the G. O. P. platform whole it will be essential to acquire a considerable taste for the planked shadow of the Trust.

Philadelphia in her convention clothes begins to feel this possibly she, too, was born free and equal.

Col. Roosevelt would be pleased to see any of his Vice-Presidential boomers at San Juan or further.

The man with the hoe is less conspicuous at Philadelphia than the man with the hatchet and barrel.

Not so much what the wild waves are saying as what he ought to say is troubling Boss Croker.

Senator N. is not the kind of a Bliss who seems to be wise.

There are dark the heathen Chinese are about as much as letting in of light.

## FLIRTING WIVES.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

SAYS "Bachelor" in a long letter, from which I take short extracts:  
"Dear Madam—I read with much interest your clever article upon 'Flirting Husbands,' and admit that it was extremely good. I should like to ask you to give a few of your good, common sense views upon 'Flirting Wives,' remarking the way of giving you food for thought. 'Who is it who monopolize the marriageable men in a ballroom? The young and beautiful married women.'  
"Was first to their hearts content at the seashore while the money-makers of the home suffer all kinds of inconveniences for them in the broiling hot city. The young and beautiful married women."  
I regret deeply that this bachelor should base his opinion of all women upon the frivolous few he may have met or heard of unfavorably.  
Believe me, the wife is an exception to whom the beautiful marriage vow is not sacred.  
The unmarried girl who flirts is a bane to society and to all with whom she is brought into contact. The married woman who lends herself to a flirtation



## THE WIFE FLIRTS WHILE HUBBY WORKS.

is much more to be dreaded. For there are thorns long and deep hidden in the smile her rosebud lips wear.  
I can conceive of no greater treachery than for a wife who has a good, loyal, trusting husband to descend to the unwholesome depths of engaging in a flirtation. They tell you it is harmless; but there never could be a graver error.  
Flirtation is the first step in the flowery path which leads to a precipice. The cruellest tragedies that the world has ever known and wept over have begun through a flirtation.  
Sin is rarely committed between two people the first time they are brought into contact. It is flirtation which leads to it, by slow, almost imperceptible steps.  
The glance of mutual admiration, the few words of polite flattery, whispered into willing ears, the lingering, friendly clasp of the hand, the looking forward to another meeting, the gradual supplanting of usual remarks for those with deeper, tender meaning, and at last the cutting loose from the rock of wifely prudence to which the wifely bark was anchored.

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## LOOKING FORWARD TO ANOTHER MEETING.

And in the whirlpool rapids of the world have swamped another soul.  
A home is wrecked, a husband's honor wrecked, his life wrecked, and one more lesson is pointed out to the frailty of the woman who flirts, and a moral is pointed out.

Too much cannot be said of the folly of flirting; which becomes more than mere folly in a married woman. Its true name is sin.

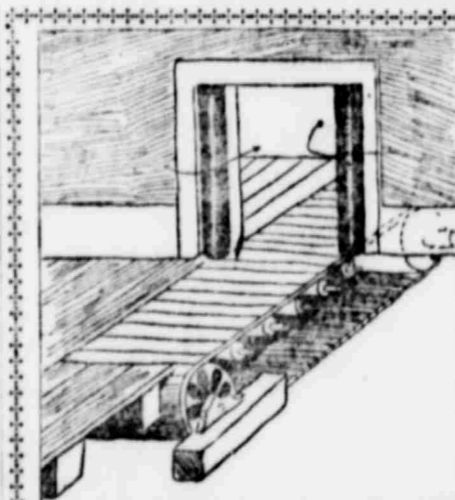
"A creature of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen.  
But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Let the woman who is leading herself to the pitfall snare which will soon bring and poison her fast and round her past all curing, pause and beat a hasty retreat toward the path of honor while it is yet within her power.

It is dangerous to play with two-edged swords, my dear.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

## A SELF-EMPTYING DOOR.



## A ROLLING FLOOR AT DOORWAYS.

A moving floor has been invented to avert fatal crowding of doorways at theatres, ballrooms, &c. In case of panic. This floor works on rollers, with a motive power, and is placed in doorways. When a panic occurs and a rush is made for the exits the machinery is set in motion, and persons near the door are quickly and forcibly carried out of the room.

## THESE FLASHES OF FUN TO LAUGHTER RUN.

### A SUBURBAN SENSATION.

"Oh, David, Mr. Jones is a somnambulist, and last night he got up in his sleep and milked his cow."  
"Gracious, is that so? I wish he would stray over here and cut our grass."

### NOT AT ASBURY PARK.



Pa—I understood you were going to the fancy dress ball this evening, but I haven't seen your costume yet.  
Phyllis—Oh, yes you have, pa, dear! I've got it on!

### BREAKING IT GENTLY.



"Mummy, is that indelible ink that daddy's got in his studio?"  
"No, Why?"  
"Because I've spilt it all over the carpet!"

### A REAL SCARECROW.



Bold Sportsman (to village scarecrow)—Well, Bob, shot any crows to-day?  
Bob—No, guv'nor, ain't seen any.  
Bold Sportsman—How's that?  
Bob—Well, guv'nor, I reckon you must 'av' frightened them all away.

### ARTFUL MAN.

If men can't love—well, this I state  
With no intimidation—  
They have the knack of getting up  
A first-class imitation.

### THE BOARDING-HOUSE CAT.



Landlady (obliging with a song)—I've got a little cat,  
Boarder (at the piano, in a loud whisper)—Little cat!  
Great Scott! I should a' thought it had been as big as an old war tiger, the way my grub goes!

### POLITICAL ABNEGATION.

Next thing to being President (I tell this, though I shouldn't)—  
A man finds joy in thinking that he might have been and wouldn't.

### FOR GALLOPING LUNCHEONS.



### A suggestion for a new form of seat at the quick lunch houses.

### HE WAS NOT HUNGRY.



South Sea Islander—Oh! stay an' hab pot luck wit me!  
Missionary—I'm sorry, but I've got a very important engagement. Tada!

## A LOVE: STORY.

### The Actress Who Was Not Active.

FOR two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of Una Howard, our star, had preceded us to the Pacific coast.  
I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange-looking man was making his way toward me. As he pushed his way through the crowd, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theatre for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."  
"I have no money, but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket? I have walked 30 miles to see her, and I must!"

"He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him."

"I cannot blame you," said he, sorrowfully; "but I

must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one half hour?"

He returned sooner than he promised.  
All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he threw a half-eagle upon the board, and snatching a ticket was off before I could pass him the change.

Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theatre.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one-armed man, his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she tottered and fell toward the blazing lights.

With the strength of a giant the one-armed man dashed aside everything in his way, and leaping upon the stage caught the fainting woman in his arm and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una! Una! I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una! Once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough-looking man, who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had.

"Come with me, my man!"  
"Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe, did this strange being shake off the grasp of the officer."

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will, and I will go with you now; but not now. Stand off, or I'll fing you to the stage!"

He knelt by the side of the unconscious Una, and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more."

His prayer was answered.  
The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man rose to his feet. "There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage, she whispered to me: "Follow them and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he; "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell!"  
That was the last of the strange one-armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips, save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Where did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a Summer month. Fumbling among the rubbish that filled the old farm-house attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my search is over.

"On the 11th instant, by Rev. John H., Bert How, and to Miss Una Defoe, all of 8—"

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the brigadier on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night, and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow; but even attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions were now answered.  
Poor, faithful Bert Howard.

## HE WOULD SCORN THE ACTION.

### SPORTS.

Stout Party—Eh? Did I pay to come in? Er, corse I did! What do yer think? Think I crep' through the railings?

## Death and the Sexes.

There is only one sudden death among women to fight among men.

## NOTHING LIKE A RESTFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

MONROE was overworked. He said to himself.

So were Harris and Miller and Drew. They held a convention and decided on a day of solid rest. Not a day devoted to the fevered gayeties of Co-

twitler of birds.

That would be a real rest.

They went.

They arrived at the old farm which an alleged friend had recommended to Mon-

roe.

The lake was nearby—painfully near-

by.

Four hours alternate rowing and fish-

ing here the following glad results:

Eighteen blood-blisters.

Four badly burned noses.

Four damaged suits and utterly

ruined tempers as a result of a passing rainstorm.

One depressed-looking minnow.

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